SOME one has truly said, that a college paper is a better criterion of the spirit of the institution and the character of the students than are its catalogues, or other official communications. The reason is easily discovered. Students select a college because they expect to find there, which is congenial to their tastes; and once within the college, the college paper, being their mouthpiece, naturally expresses their ideas and sentiments. So from the character of the paper is divined the character of the students; and on the character of the students, depends that of the institution to which they belong. It becomes, therefore, the duty of each student to support the paper, not merely by subscribing to it, but also by contributing ideas, and evincing an interest. If the men find fault with the paper, they are condemning themselves. The paper is what they make it. If they complain that one element of the institution is more largely noticed than another, they are simply acknowledging that the too prominent element is more energetic, more keenly felt in the institution than their own. The remedy is in the hands of the students, and is applicable by them alone.

To A "Skin Roll."

The most useful of modern inventions.
O little epidermal roll,
O timely and omniscient scroll,
Held deftly in the practiced hand!
Thou didst fulfill the mind's demand,
And save full half our struggling band
From getting too far in the hole.
I recollect I sat up late,
In order that I might create
Some means by which my empty pate
Should next day be assisted;
Saved by thee from a hapless fate,
I left that tough "exam" elate,
For on thy face was many a date
Revealed when thou wert twisted.
Your saving me from direst dole
My ardent thanks enlisted;
I pledge to thee a brimming bowl,
O little epidermal roll.
—Trinity Tablet.

Like a Linden.

Like a linden, tall and stately,
Nodding to the breeze sedately,
Is the slender grace and beauty of the maiden that I love:
Like a linden's leaflets whispering,
To each fleeting zephyr lisping,
Is her dainty lingual leaflet very much inclined to move.
Never linden's stem as slim,
Or its even bark as trim,
As that fascinating waist I long so ardently to bound;
But I dare not take its measure,
For when last I had the pleasure,
She promptly went and advertised the matter all around.
When I ope the outer door,
Turn to say good-bye once more,
Her red lips are so near me that my poor head fairly whirls,—
For I know that when I've kissed her,
She will run and tell her sister,
That plaguey little cousin, and some forty other girls.
But, in spite of all, you see
She's so very dear to me
That I really can't refuse her when she wants a valentine;
Though of course she's sure to show it;
And accuse me as the poet:—
Well,—I'll swear straight up and down it isn't mine!

A Biologist's Escape.

IT is well known that readers of The Tech appreciate all tales with a flavor of the supernatural, and I have therefore ventured to put in writing a strange experience that lately befell me in the biological laboratory. It was one sharp winter evening, shortly before the semiannual examinations, and I was sitting at the table in the southeast corner of the laboratory, with a huge pile of books staring me in the face. I was studying botany, and was doing my best to master the ponderous and involved sentences with which Sachs struggles to convey his ideas about the noble group of Protophyta.

Suddenly the air in front of me seemed to grow white, and I heard a rustling, as of the sound of many voices. At once it entered my mind that it was the night of all the year for maddened spirits to be abroad—the night of the meeting of the American Society for Psychical Research. Now was the time to make